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For The Child's Paper.

God has given to every child a little body to live in, and he makes it live and move and breathe. There are bones in the body. The bones are hard and strong. God has covered the bones with flesh, and the flesh is soft and warm. There is blood in the flesh. And God has put a coat all over the flesh, and this is called skin. This dear little body is liable to get hurt. If you touch any thing hot, or fall into the fire, it will burn. If you tumble down, your flesh may be bruised or your bones broken. You may cut your finger with a sharp knife, and it will bleed. You see that you must be careful of this little body. Mother is careful of you; but you must learn to take care of yourself. Can you learn? Yes, because when God made your body he put your soul inside. Your soul is made of the breath of God. It can think and learn, and know and understand about God. The soul is better than the body, for your little body will some day die; but your soul will never die.

What do little children often say? "I want." And they keep wanting things they cannot have. It would not be good for them to have all they ask for. Should they cry if they cannot have them? No, no. They must say, "My dear mother knows best."

"Bubby" has had the shovel and a spoon and a pail to play with, and now what does he want? What is he troubling his dear mamma about? She is ironing, and he wants the hot iron too. Oh, I am sorry he is troubling her. When mother is busy, little boys and girls should say, "I will be quiet, and play with what I have;" and if mother says "no," they must remember that "no" means "no," and not try to have their own way. It makes mother sorry; and what good child wishes to give its dear mother pain? It should always remember,

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My mother.

### LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"

"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The bookstores and drygoods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already; but I think, if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so taken me; but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy kneeled down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cares for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul to be able to say sincerely, "Thy will be done."

Next morning was the Sabbath. The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone-street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly. "Did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water-street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"

"Oh, sir, I did n't know they sold rum there when I first went in; and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid. My father once kept a large store like that;" and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir; all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or any thing else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

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Yes and no, for good, or evil, are the giants of life.

For The Child's Paper.

## A MAN WHO LOVED MONEY.

I will tell you about a man who loved money. The Lord Jesus had twelve friends who went with him from town to town. Peter was one, and James and John. They loved the Lord Jesus. *All?* No, not all. Judas did not love him; he loved money better. These men—you know they were called disciples—had a bag to put their money in. They were poor men; so I suppose the bag was never very full. Judas used to carry the bag, and often he took money out of it to *keep*. He was not found out, nor did the others ever think of his stealing. But the Lord Jesus knew, because he knows every thing. The more money Judas got, the more he wanted; and I suppose he kept thinking, "How can I make more?" At last he thought.

He knew the rulers wanted to catch Jesus and kill him. They were afraid to take him by day, because the people would not let them; so Judas went to the rulers, and said, "I will show you where to find him some night. What will you give me for showing you?" They promised him thirty pieces of silver. Judas went back to Jesus, but of course he did not tell the disciples what he had done.

That night, as Jesus and the twelve disciples were at supper, Jesus said, "One of you will *betray* me; that is, one of you will give me up to wicked men to be killed." The disciples were surprised, and very sorry. "Is it I?" asked Peter. "Is it I?" asked John. And so they all asked, "Is it I?" but Jesus did not tell which. Pretty soon John, who was nearest to Jesus, whispered and asked, "Which is it?" Jesus said, "The one that dips his hand in the dish with me." There was a dish of sauce on the table, and when Jesus dipped his bread in, one of them put his hand in the dish at the same time. Who was it? You know. It was *Judas*. John knew also. Judas presently got up and went out. The rest, I suppose, thought he was going to buy something or give some money to the poor.

After supper Jesus and his disciples went out, and they came to a garden on the side of a hill where they often went together. While there, a good many people were seen coming up the hill with swords and sticks and lanterns in their hands. Judas was with them. They were seeking Jesus; and Judas came slyly up and gave his Master a kiss, as if he loved him. Jesus did not run away, though he knew they came to take him, but he asked whom they were looking for; and they said, "For Jesus." "I am he," he said.

When the disciples saw the wicked men, they ran away; and Jesus was seized and tied and led off to Jerusalem. He went like a lamb.

The rulers gave Judas the money they promised him. Did it make him happy? No, no. Judas could never be happy—never, never. "Oh," he thought, "I have killed my dear, good Master. What a wicked man I am." And he could not bear to keep the money; he hated the very sight of it: so he went back to the rulers, and threw the money down on the floor; and then he went into a field and hanged himself on a tree. Was not that a bad end?

Money is useful; but the Bible says, the *love* of money is the root of all evil: and when you think how it tempts people to steal and rob and kill and tell lies, you see that the Bible is right about it. No money can prove a blessing which is not honestly come by.

For The Child's Paper.

## A $30,000 JOB.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck, to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow, half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then half-past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine, light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him. "What," said he, "Mr. Wilder, turned truckman!"

"Yes," answered the clerk, "the goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but, you see, I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and trotted on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen. "And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high price set on his conduct made amends for all the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

*Keeping his word.* You see how important it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a business man can have. To be worth much to anybody, a boy must form a character for *reliability*. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know perhaps that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society, which issues this paper to the dear children of the land. K.

For The Child's Paper.

How do you think God made a little home very happy indeed? He left a dear baby in it. There was one little girl; her name was Dora. Dora often wished for a little brother or little sister. Many and many a time she asked God to give her one. God at last answered her prayer. One day Dora went to spend the day with her aunty. She stayed all night. When she went home the next morning, what do you think she found in her mamma's bed? A *baby brother*. Dora cried—she cried with joy. She was the happiest little girl you ever saw.

"Oh, mother," she said, "is not God good? Is he not very good?"

Dora wanted to stay at home from school just to look at him all the time. She asked her mamma to let her tend him; but nurse was there to take care of baby. Little babies need a great deal of care. I do not think little boys and girls know how much their dear mothers have done for them until they see what she does for the baby. Baby, you see, cannot even sit up. It has to be tended in mother's lap, and carried round in mother's arms. It is ever so long before it can stand, and longer still before it learns to put one foot before the other, and a good while before it will run alone. The old cow's baby, the little calf, you know, can walk as soon as it is born. It jumps up upon its legs as soon as it finds it has legs, and knows just what to do with them, for it follows its mother.

Then our baby would starve without its dear mamma. She nurses him with milk from her own bosom, or she feeds him with a little spoon. Baby cannot hold the spoon. He does not know how even to *take* things yet. His little soft fingers are a puzzle to him. The old hen does not have to feed her little chickens. They hop round and pick up a breakfast as soon as they are out of the shell. She scratches up the dirt, perhaps to show them where the worms live, and that is all.

Nobody can count the *stitches* mother has sewed for her little darling. Pussy's babies are born with their clothes on; and kittens' clothes do not have to be taken off and put on, and washed and ironed and aired and folded up, and put in the drawer. Oh, mamma has her hands full of work for baby. But God has given her a heart full of love for the helpless little creature.

Dora saw how much mother did for dear baby, and one day she said, "Mother, did you do so much for me when I was little?"

"Yes, my darling," answered her mother.

A tear came into the little girl's eye. It was a tear of love. "Dear mamma," she said, laying her head on her mother's shoulder, "I will try hard to be a good girl; that will please you, wont it, mother?" Yes, I am sure the sweetest reward a mother can have for her care is to have her children growing up *good* children. K.

For The Child's Paper.

## A ROBIN FOR A TEACHER.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" cried Robert. "What do you think we have found?" "I am sure I cannot guess." "Well then we will tell you. It is a bird. As we were coming home from our walk we saw a bird perched on a fence. We stepped lightly over the grass until we came close upon it. It never moved nor stirred; so I put out my hand and took it. Here it is. See how it opens its mouth." "Yes, it is a young bird. What will you do with it?" "We will put it in a cage, and we will feed it, and teach it to be tame. May-be it will grow to be as large as Spottie, and sing as well."

"Spottie," as the boys called him, was a bird given them by their uncle. He had been very tame, and would fly around the room and garden, but always came back to his cage again. One day, while singing in the garden, a cat, unseen by the boys, seized him, and before they could rescue him, killed him. Many were the tears the boys shed over the death of their pet. His cage was put away out of sight. Now it was brought out, the dust brushed off, and the new bird placed in it.

"What shall we call him?" said Robert. At last they decided that his name should be "Cherry." Cherry thought that he was in a very strange place. He hopped from one perch to another, and spying the wires which enclosed him, began to peck at them with his bill. He tried them on all sides, but they would not give way. When he found that he was shut up in his cage and could not get out, he began to chirp. No doubt he was giving the boys a good scolding for taking him away from the green fields and the open air. His anger increased every moment. He beat his wings violently against the cage, and said, as plain as he could in his bird fashion, "I will be let out."

The boys were afraid that the poor little bird would hurt himself; so they opened the cage door, and "Cherry" flew out into the room. "Perhaps he is hungry," said Edward; "I will try and find some worms for him, for robins are very fond of them." He soon returned with a little box, in

which he had put the worms. Cherry hopped up to the box and eyed them curiously, but never offered to touch them. "Come here, Cherry, and I will feed you," and taking the bird in his hand, he held a worm to its mouth. Cherry opened wide his bill, but would not touch the worm. "I am afraid," said Robert, "that we shall have to let Cherry go. If he will not be contented in his cage, nor take food, we cannot keep him." "We must expect him to be a little frightened at first," said Edward. The boys played with him until bedtime, then they placed water and food in the cage, and put Cherry in for the night. This time he took it very quietly; no doubt he was very tired, for he hopped upon a perch, and was soon fast asleep. The boys came to take a peep at him as soon as they were awake. The poor little bird was beating his wings against his cage, and calling loudly. The windows were open, and the robins were flying from bough to bough, and singing sweetly. "He sees them," said Edward, "and would like to join them. Let us take the cage and hang it on a tree in the garden."

The boys chose a cool, shady place under a pear-tree, and sat down to watch him. Cherry chirped louder than ever. I suppose he said, "Where are you, my mother and father, my brothers and sisters? I miss my nice nest. Wont some robin come and show me the way home?" Soon a robin answered the call, and perched on a bough near Cherry. Such twittering and chattering as there was. "I wish we knew what they were saying," said Robert. "See, the bird is flying away. Let us watch where he is going. Now he is on the ground among the bushes. Hush; he is coming this way. He lights on Cherry's cage. Cherry thrusts his head as far as he can through the wires, opens his bill, and the bird drops in a worm. Soon the bird flies again to the bushes, and returns with another worm, with which he feeds Cherry. Is he not a good bird," said Edward, "to come to Cherry in his distress and feed him?" "Yes, he has taught us a good lesson," replied Robert. "If we see any one in trouble, we should go to him and try to comfort him; and if any one is hungry, we should feed him right away." "Yes, that is what mother is always telling us, to be kind to one another. We hear it at home, and at the Sabbath-school too; but I did not think of a bird teaching us the lesson."

Cherry passed part of the day in his cage in the garden, and the rest of it hopping about the house. The boys kept watch over him, and would often take him in their hands and smooth his soft feathers, and say, "Dear little birdie, how we love you." The birds kept watch over him also, and fed him morning and evening. The next day he would not receive food, but lay on the floor of his cage with his eyes closed. The boys whistled to him, and said, "Get up, Cherry, get up, Cherry; we will take care of you;" then he would hop up on the perches and fly about, but would soon lie down again. "He is sick," said the boys' mother; "I fear he will soon die." "We will let him go then," replied Robert. "Yes, it will be better to let him go," said Edward, "than to keep him and feel we were the cause of his death."

So the boys took Cherry out of his cage, and after they had fondled him and said "good-by," they went into the garden and put him down softly on the ground. He regained his spirits very quickly, for he hopped about briskly, and soon flew away out of their sight. "I feel very sorry to part with him," said Robert. "I do too," replied Edward; "but then we know he is far happier now, free to fly about in the open air, than he would have been in his cage." "Yes, he must be. I shall never seek to cage a bird again, but will be contented to see them at liberty to enjoy themselves." "And I shall never forget," said Edward, "the good lesson the birds have taught us about being kind."

### LITTLE DOG TRUSTY.

A lady went into a butcher's shop with her little dog. After paying the butcher for a dinner, she turned to go out, when the friendly butcher offered Trusty some tit-bits. To everybody's surprise Trusty did not take them. What could possess a little dog to refuse so good an offer? On reaching home, he laid a ten-cent piece at his mistress' feet. It seems the lady, while making change, dropped the money. Trusty picked it up, and was too faithful to open his mouth until he had safely seen it in her hands.

For The Child's Paper.

SOME boys went, one Saturday afternoon, to play on the beach. The beach is a strip of land by the side of the great ocean. There was a boat moored in the sand not far off. "It is James King's boat," said the biggest boy; "let us jump in and have a row." "Let us, let us," cried the rest, all but Charley, who said, "No, no; we 've no business with the boat without asking." "Pooh!" cried the big boy, "what a scarecrow you are; you like to spoil all our fun." Ben—that was the big boy's name—jumped in, and the rest followed; for boys, you know, don't often stop to think.

Charley said all he could against it, which made Ben angry, and he called Charley a coward. "Oh, it 's only a make-believe row," said Ned, rocking the boat in the water, "for we can't push her off." Two of the boys pretty soon got out and went home. The smallest boy, Johnny Craig, wanted to follow, but Ben would not let him. "Sit still, Johnny," said Ben. "I don't want to stay," cried Johnny, and he called Charley to come and hoist him out. Charley waded down to the boat. "Get out, Charley," cried Ben angrily; "you sha'n't interfere with my passengers." Johnny held out his hands to Charley, and Charley jumped into the boat for him. Once in, Ben took the notion not to let him get out. "Hold him, boys, hold him," he cried, while he tried to push off the sand. Presently the boat floated. "Get off now, Charley, if you can," cried Ben in triumph.

In the confusion on board, one of the oars fell into the water and drifted away. Ben tried his hand with the other, but not knowing how to manage a boat with one oar, he only turned it round and round, while the wind and the tide were swiftly carrying her further and further from the shore.

"Well, I can't manage her," said Ben, now pretty well sobered. "We shall likely be carried out to sea." "Oh, Ben!" cried Charley.

The boys shouted; but there was nobody on the shore to hear them. They saw a fishing-boat, and hailed her. She took no notice of them. One tied his jacket to the oar, and hoisted it as a signal of distress; but there was nobody to descry it. Night came on, and they were out alone on the wide, wide sea. Poor little Johnny cried piteously to go home to his mother; and did they not all think of mother and father and home? Charley put his arm round the little boy, and tried to comfort him. The moon rose—and so did the wind. The waves splashed and dashed into the boat, and the boys had to take their caps and bale it out to keep from sinking. At last the wind lulled. I cannot tell you how tired and cold and wet and hungry and troubled they were out on the wide, wide sea, with nobody but God to look after them.

"Ar'n't you frightened, Charley?" asked Ben, coming and sitting down beside him. "Yes—no," answered Charley; "I am not frightened when I think God will take care of us. He is as much on the water as on the shore." "But he seems so far off," said Ben, "and I am so bad." Charley tried to speak comforting words to Ben. I wish I could stop to tell you all he said. He was a Christian boy, and tried to lead Ben to God. Poor Ben, I should not like to have been in his place; should you? Oh, it was a long, lonely, dreadful night. When morning came, there was nothing to be seen but sky and water; and they lost, of course, all knowledge where they were.

It was Sunday morning. "They 'll be thinking of us in Sabbath-school," said little Johnny. "May-be they are singing now. Can't *we* sing something?" asked Johnny. The boys gladly fell in with the plan; and some Sabbath-school hymns were sung until Johnny fell fast asleep. "Boys," said Ben, looking round, and the boys saw a softer look than his face ever wore before—"boys," he said, "I want to say something. It is all I who have done this, my wilful wickedness, and I want to ask you to forgive me, if you can; for—" his voice faltered, and he held out his hand to Tom, the boy next to him. "Will you forgive and shake hands with me, Tom?" he asked. The boys all shook hands with him, and tears came into Charley's eyes as he gave him his warm grasp. Charley then repeated some verses. "And, Charley," said Ben, "can't you pray God to help us in our great trouble and danger?" Charley knelt down and prayed, ending with the Lord's prayer, in which they all joined. Was not this better than blaming each other, or quarrelling and swearing?

Ben of late had been a wild, fast boy. He was a motherless boy, and I am sorry to say, he was trying to break loose from the kind care of a good father; but Ben could think it all over in this time of danger. It seemed as if every naughty thing he ever did came into his mind; and God sent his Spirit down to soften his heart and make him sorry, and to turn him to the Son of God, who can wash our sins away. As he sat looking over the wild waste of waters, nothing was said, and pretty soon one boy after another fell asleep. Ben tried to keep awake. "I must keep a good look-out," said he. But the poor fellow, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, at last sank down in the boat, and went to sleep with the rest. Poor little boat-load, what *will* become of them?

As soon as James King missed his boat—and the report spread that some boys went off with it—and the lost oar was picked up, all the village was alive with anxiety and fear. Soon a dozen boats went out in search for them. You can fancy the sorrow of fathers and mothers as night came on and wore away, and the Sunday sun arose without getting any tidings of them. On Sabbath afternoon some fishermen spied a little boat far out at sea, which seemed to have nobody in her. They made for her, and it proved to be the lost boat, with all the five boys fast asleep in the bottom of her. God be praised. She was towed home, and never was there greater joy in all the village.

"Is there any place where God is not?" asked a teacher. "Yes," answered her little scholar, "He is not in the heart of a sinner; for, you know, the Bible says, 'God is not in all his thoughts.'"

For The Child's Paper.

## SEEK THE SHEPHERD.

Seek the tender Shepherd,
Little lamb:
If you 've not already found him,
Seek the star whose rays have crowned him,
Little lamb.

It will light your pathway,
Wandering lamb,
Through dark wood and thorny brier,
Onward, upward, ever higher,
Wandering lamb.

Now through pastures verdant,
Trusting lamb,
While you watch the star intently,
It will lead you calmly, gently,
Trusting lamb.

But the day grows stormy,
Doubting lamb;
Gloomy thickets spread before you,
And no star is shining o'er you,
Doubting lamb.

Hidden for a moment,
Struggling lamb,
Though its light may seem denied you,
To the fold 't will surely guide you,
Struggling lamb.

Persevere, ne'er falter,
Faithful lamb;
Onward in the path of duty
Faith's pure star still beams in beauty,
Faithful lamb.

You will find the Shepherd,
Happy lamb;
Upward, till the light grows clearer,
Fold and Shepherd nearer, dearer,
Happy lamb. Dewdrop.

For The Child's Paper.

## THE NEW SLED.

"Now your sled has got a Christian name," said David to little Bob, "it must behave accordingly."

"Sleds can't behave," cried little Bob, laughing. "Yes, they can," said David; "they get their behavior from their masters. First thing, it must have a place, and *be* in its place. It must not be in people's way. You know Asa Rand's grandmother tumbled over Asa's sled last winter, and broke her hip, because the sled was left in the door-way, where it had no business to be."

"Yes, I know," said the little boy. "What next?" "It must not run off the track," continued David, "and trip up little folks in the street; or get into a snarl with other sleds, and make broken limbs. It must *go straight*."

"Oh, I 'm a good steerer," said Bobby.

"In the third place, it ought to work as well as play," said David. "It should like to be useful. It could carry on its back a bag of meal. It can fetch a basket of shavings to kindle with. It can take little 'sis' to school."

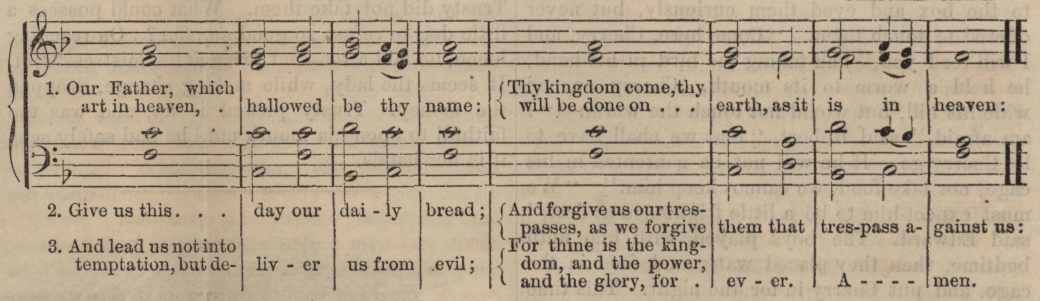
"It can," cried Bobby, much pleased with the prospect. "It can haul a load of wood too."

"That is talking large," said David. "It is better to do little things it *can* do, instead of talking about big things it wont do."

Bobby held his tongue.

"If it does as I say, it will deserve a Christian name, and show itself a well-behaved sled; wont it, Bobby?" said David.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. GREGORIAN CHANT.


1. Our Father, which art in heaven, . hallowed be thy name: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . earth, as it is in heaven:
2. Give us this. . . day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our tres-passes, as we forgive them that tres-pass a- gainst us:
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- liv - er us from evil; For thine is the king-dom, and the power, and the glory, for . ev - er. A - - - - men.

"Don't you think it will show it has a nice little master, David?" asked Bobby with a comical look in his eye. K.

For The Child's Paper.

## THE CLEAN APRON.

A lady wanted a trusty little girl to come and help her take care of baby. Nobody could recommend her one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of child. One day she went through a by-lane, and met a little girl with a clean apron on. She went again, and saw the same clean apron. She went the third time, and saw the same little girl with her clean apron, holding a baby in the door of a small house.

"That is the child for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother. "Mother has gone out to work," she answered modestly; "father is dead, and now mother has to do every thing." "Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady. "I should like to help mother some way," said the child.

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother when she was at home; and the end of it was, the lady took the child to live with her; and she found, what indeed she expected to find, that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits; she was no friend to dirt; but every thing she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady takes great comfort in her, and helps the poor mother, whose lot is not now as hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommend was her clean apron; and who will not say it was a good one?"

I 'm little in size,
And I 'm not very wise;
But one happy thing I do know:
I am God's little child,
If I 'm gentle and mild,
And love the dear Saviour below.

For The Child's Paper.

## SMALL BEGINNINGS.

One day a gentleman walking in the woods saw a squirrel sitting on the ground. He stopped to watch it. In a few moments the little creature ran up to the top of an oak-tree. In an instant he was down again, with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his paws. After digging a hole, he dropped the acorn in, and covered it over with earth; then away he darted up the tree again, brought down another acorn, and buried it as before; and so the squirrel busied himself some time.

Squirrel was laying up his winter store; but quite likely when winter comes, he does not always remember just where his closet is, or just where every closet is; so no doubt the industrious little fellow loses a few acorns every year. He leaves them to old mother earth. But they are not lost. In due time the acorns spring up, and by and by a group of noble oaks will be found waving their strong branches on the very spot; and so many a proud forest-tree may owe its life to the prudent forethought of a little squirrel, for God, in carrying on the great concerns of a world, does not overlook or despise the small labors of his smallest creatures.

For The Child's Paper.

## THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

The ship "John Williams," sent out many years since by the Sunday-school children of England for the use of the missionaries in the Pacific ocean, was recently wrecked. Immediately on hearing of it, the children went to work and built another "John Williams," which was launched a short time since at Aberdeen, a seaport on the eastern coast of Scotland.

On the occasion of the launch, the children had a great celebration. The railroads lowered their fares to a very small price, and children came from far and near to the number of ten thousand. They had a meeting, with appropriate exercises; and afterwards forming a procession, marched to the builders' yard, and saw their good ship "John Williams" launched and well afloat. Think of *ten thousand* owners of a ship. Yet these ten thousand were not all of the owners, for a great many had contributed who were unable to come to the launch.

As the ship glided into the water, the children joined in a storm of cheers. I think no one of those children, as they saw their ship gracefully and beautifully entering the water, regretted having saved their pennies and given them to build so noble a vessel, which was to go on so noble a voyage. O.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